

GLIMPSES OF CRETE.

A LAND RICH IN MYTHOLOGICAL FABLE
AND BIBLICAL LORE.MOUNT IDA IS THE CENTRE OF THE RUGGED BUT
FERTILE AND PICTURE-QUE MASS—ANCIENT
CITIES AND MODERN VILLAGES—
TRADITIONS OF THE ISLAND.

One may briefly describe it as the largest of the islands of Greece, being about 150 miles long and thirty miles broad at the widest part; mountainous, but extremely fertile; inhabited by 300,000 Greeks, of whom 80,000 are Moslems, and with only three large towns, Candia, and Retimo, respectively. So much one may glean from any gazetteer. But not in that nor in the more detailed description of the encyclopedia will you find more than the remotest hint of the fascination which invests this famous island, Homer's Island of a Hundred Cities, the birthplace and the burial place of the King of the Olympian gods, the scene of some of the finest romances of mythology, the burial place of the great Spartan lawgiver, and the scene of some of the most interesting incidents in the early development of Christianity.

It is a mountainous country and volcanic as well. A land of old upheavals from the abyss by fire. It has scarcely one bit of ground that can be called a plain, though that back of Candia is so called. Few bits of land so near the centre of civilization are so little known, and few are better worth the knowing, for every foot of it is historic ground.

To begin in the very centre of the island, with Ida, the splendid peak that crowns the whole mountainous mass; it towers more than a mile and a half above the waters of the Mediterranean—none too lofty to be the birthplace of Zeus. The Cretans of to-day have corrupted its ancient name into Nidha, or Netha, and called the summit of it Ypsallite. At its feet nestle the two ancient capitals of the island, or what is left of them. At the northeast are Gnosus, Mino's capital, and at the southeast Gortyna, the later Roman capital, both long ago reduced to hopeless ruin. Gnosus stood where now stands the village of Makri Tellos, the Long Wall. There the famous artificer, Daedalus, lived, and there he contrived for Minos the famous labyrinth in which the Minotaur was confined. No trace of the labyrinth can be found there at this day, though there is one, as will presently be seen, at Gortyna.

THE STORY OF CANDIA.

Inland capitals were the rule, in ancient times, for safety from the rovers of the sea, though each must have its neighboring and convenient port. So Athens has its Piræus, and Rome its Ostia. Gnosus had two; one was Amnisus, of no present interest. The other and more important, both then and now, was Heraklion, as the Greeks still call it. The Saracens, when they invaded the island, seized Heraklion and made it their capital, calling it Khandak, which means an intrenchment. That name has been modified and softened into Candia, the common name of the place at the present day, though it has often been called Heraklion in recent news dispatches. The name Candia was extended by the Saracens to the whole island, and in some degree accepted by the natives, but by most of them the good old name has been retained. Even the Turks now call the island Krit, or Kirit. So far as the local application of the name Khandak is concerned, however, it is to be observed in passing that the Greeks give it to any stagnant trench or canal, and so, perhaps, to the neglected port of Heraklion. The town is also called Megalo Kastion, or Great Fort, a name which has come down from the Venetian days when the place had an enormously strong fortress, the taking of which by the Turks cost so many lives that the victors called the island the "Sepulchre of Islam."

Some six miles south of Candia is Mount Iktos, the fabled burial place of Zeus. One of its slopes is now occupied by a great Moslem dervish monastery. A little further on, as one travels eastward, in the upper valley of the Kartero River, is the village of Kastiritzi. Its present name is unknown to history, but it stands in the shadow of a great name, for it occupies the site of ancient Lyttus, once a great city, of which the former and present Chersonesus was the port. These cities stood on terraces high up on the mountain sides.

THE PENINSULA OF SITIA.

Passing the Cape of St. John, or Zuanos, and the Gulf of Mirabella, when the latter nearly cuts the island in two, the voyager reaches the eastern peninsula of Sitia. Its chief town is Sitia, on the Bay of Sitia, and it is identical with the ancient Sitia, the change in the form of the name illustrating a common tendency to prefix "si" or "stia" to words beginning with a vowel. Sitia stands at the foot of a beautiful and fertile valley which extends half way across the island. Further up the same valley lies the village of Torloze, chiefly owned by the famous Venetian family of Danollos, who still live there. Vavdos, near Cape Sidero, is near the site of ancient Praesus, and on the bare summit of Kopra Kephato, 3,500 feet high, was the temple of Dictæan Jove. Cape Sidero forms the northwestern extremity of Crete. A little south of it is Cape Salnane, which was the birthplace of St. Paul, and which his Alexandrian ship had a hard time in passing.

The coast of this eastern end of Crete is mostly barren, wild and forbidding. Precipitous cliffs of white limestone, rent with rugged chasms, tower high above the waves. The water just off shore is very deep, but it has for unnumbered centuries been a favorite place for sponge-fishing. The only port, if indeed it may be so called, on this coast is Zakro Bay, above which, on the hills, hangs the village of Zakro, near the site of ancient Iktos.

Nor is the southern coast of the eastern end much more hospitable. It offers few harbors and boasts few towns. The chief place in all that part of the island is Ierapetra, Hierapetra, or Giapetra, as you please, on the site of ancient Hierapytna. In this south-central part of the island, too, are the Jew Castle, Tefthot Kastell, and Axi Kephala, the site of the Arcadia of Pliny, which latter place disputes with Mount Ida the honor of being the birthplace of Zeus.

MEMORIES OF ST. PAUL.

At just about the centre of the south shore is Kalo Limenes, the Fair Havens of St. Paul. It boasts a bay and a group of small islands. On the rocky shore stand the ruins of a Greek chapel of St. Paul, reputed to be the very spot where the apostle used to preach to the Cretans. Here one may hear at this day the story told which the writer of the Book of the Acts places in Malta, of St. Paul's experience with the viper. The Cretans will assure you that it occurred in Crete, at Fair Havens, and that ever since that day all serpents in the island have been harmless. It is indeed true that while snakes abound in both Crete and Malta, none of them in either island are venomous. Near at hand is the island of Triaphos, which was the Lissa Petra of the "Odyssey," which marks the site of the city of Lasea, of St. Paul, which some later scribes call Thalassea. The eastern and southern coasts of Crete are still subject to Euroclydon, the wind which gave the Alexandrian ship so much trouble, but in these days they call it "Meltem."

A few miles west of Fair Havens is Cape Metala, or Litinos, and next is Messara Bay, the only considerable bay on the whole southern coast. On its shore is Metala, the

modern representative of ancient Metallum, the western port and arsenal of the city of the Roman capital, Gortyna. Near it was Phaestus, founded by Minos, a place second in importance in those parts only to Gortyna. It was the birthplace of the Cretan poet and satirist, Epihmenides, whom St. Paul quoted when he said: "The Cretans are always liars." Gortyna itself stood on the little river Lethe, at one side of a plain which for Crete is spacious, being several miles in extent and one of the finest sites in the whole island. Imposing ruins mark the place, and two villages, Metropoli and Aklous Deka, have grown up among them. The latter takes its name from the Holy Ten Martyrs of Gortyna, who were there beheaded in the reign

of people in Crete and of purest Greek blood. The plain of Candia, which lies between the city and the mountains, and is seven or eight miles in extent from east to west, is dotted with villages and glossy green with olive orchards. Due south of Candia lie Therison and Lakho, among the mountains, famous places in this century's Cretan wars.

Near Candia was Pergamum, which was founded by Aeneas or by Agamemnon, as you please, and where Lycurgus was buried. Its exact site is not identified, but was probably near the base of the great promontory which forms the northwestern corner of Crete—Cape Spada. This cape, occupied by the Tityrus Mountains, is a wild and picturesque region. On it stood

one door, the window now having panes of glass, something they did not possess when the house was first erected. But the mode which runs entirely around the building. It is made of logs with their ends stuck in the ground, and here and there holes have been cut through the solid logs, leaving a place where the school teacher and pupils could poke the muzzles of their guns and shoot down the Indians, who were then practically in possession of the Territory. The stockade served long and well as a protection against the savages.

AN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR.

A WRIT OF "NE EXEAT REIPUBLICUM" ISSUED.
From The Chicago Times-Herald.
During the reign of the carpet-baggers in Georgia a very black but brainy old negro named Tunis G.

THEIR SIRE'S FOUGHT IN '93.

DESCENDANTS OF FRENCH REVOLU-
TIONARY HEROES UNITE.DISTINGUISHED NAMES THAT WILL BE REPRE-
SENTED IN THE SOCIETY—THE FAMILIES OF
CARNOT, CASIMIR PERIER AND BARRERE.

Attention having been drawn in France to the American societies of the Sons of the Revolution by the recent interchange of complimentary messages between that organization and President Faure, a similar association is now in process of formation on the banks of the Seine. France's revolution was almost contemporaneous with that on this side of the Atlantic, which culminated in the independence of the United States. Many of the grandsons of those who played a part in calling into existence the first French Republic are now as conspicuous in the public life of their native land as are the Sons of the American Revolution in this country. It is only fitting, therefore, that they should organize themselves into a corporate body, formed on the same lines as the American societies, which have this in common with the order of nobility, namely, that they are based on birth, and entail upon their members the necessity of preserving free from disgrace names inherited from ancestors distinguished for their patriotism.

It may be argued that the existence of a caste such as this is contrary to the doctrines of democracy that furnish the foundation to the commonwealths of the United States and of France. Indeed, the monarchical newspapers in Paris are already beginning to condemn as illogical the existence of what they are pleased to describe as an "Aristocracy of the Republic." But it may be replied to this that the latter lays claim to no prerogatives either political or social, affects no superiority over its fellow-citizens, and has but one object in view, namely, the moral aim of inducing its members to live up to the traditions of the founders of their families.

First and foremost among the ranks of the Society of the Sons of the French Revolution will be found the bearers of the honored name of Carnot—a name so universally respected not only by all classes of the population in France, but also abroad, that its mention is sufficient to banish the sneer from the lips of even the most sarcastic and cynical of royalists. True, the Carnots are able to trace their descent back in an unbroken line to the thirteenth century. But they regard as the real founder of their family that General Lazare Carnot who, a hundred years ago, received from the National Legislature of his country the proud surname of "Organizer of Victory," and who, as a member of the first Convention, was one of the original creators of the French Republic. When Napoleon assumed the Imperial dignity, General Carnot withdrew from public life, being unable to reconcile the principles for the sake of which he had helped to overthrow the Bourbon despotism with those embodied by the first Empire. But it was thoroughly in keeping with his chivalrous nature that, when Napoleon returned from Elba to make a last and desperate effort to rescue France from the hands of the old dynasty that had been imposed upon her against her will by foreign invaders, he should have joined what was in every respect a forlorn hope, taking a leading part in what is known in history as "The Hundred Days' Reign." For this he died in exile.

THE THREE CARNOTS.

His son, after championing the cause of freedom in Parliament throughout the reign of King Louis Philippe, became one of the Cabinet Ministers of the second Republic that followed the Revolution of 1848; while his son, in turn, the late Sadi Carnot, was a Cabinet Minister of the third Republic that originated with the war of

while there is much to tempt him to accept so lofty a dignity and so splendid an office in London, where twenty-two years ago he was eking out a scanty subsistence as a school usher and as a reporter, an exile from France, the Government of which had sentenced him to death "in contumacia," he shows his sagacity by hesitating to accept a post which has proved fatal to the popularity and to the fame of every diplomatist by whom it has been filled.

Camille Barrère, who, if he ultimately declines the French Ambassadorship in England, may be looked upon as the most likely and suitable successor of M. Hanotaux as Minister of Foreign Affairs (who, by-the-by, was likewise twenty years ago a half-starved school usher), is a grandson of Bertrand Barrère. He was one of the presidents of the National Convention of the first Republic, and assumed the direction of the trial of King Louis XVI, particularly distinguishing himself by the vehemence with which, in the name of the people, he demanded the execution of that monarch, concluding his oration with the phrase, "The tree of liberty, as an ancient author remarks, flourishes best when it is watered with the blood of tyrants." Subsequently Bertrand Barrère moved the decree for the trial of Queen Marie Antoinette. He withdrew from public life soon after Napoleon became Emperor, was banished from France on the restoration of the Bourbons, and died in Belgium in 1841, having survived all his colleagues of the Committee of Public Safety and of the National Convention.

His son fought on the Parisian barricades against the troops during the Revolution of 1848 and again at the time of the disturbances in connection with Napoleon III's coup d'état. So that there was little ground for astonishment when his own boy, young Camille Barrère, in all the enthusiasm and exuberance of his twentieth year, was found in the ranks of the Communists in the insurrection at Paris of 1871. Camille held the rank of colonel of the regular army, and there are still in existence photographs which show him garbed in the fantastic and theatrical uniform affected by the staff of the Communist leaders. These photographs M. Barrère has ordered to be taken in vain to constitute an appropriate "pendant" for the pictures that display him in the garb of an Ambassador of the French Republic, with the star of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor on his right breast, while the left is almost covered with the grand crosses of the orders of nearly every monarchical country in the world.

BARRERE'S DEATH SENTENCE.

Camille Barrère is rightly or wrongly accused of being in a great measure responsible for the destruction by fire of the Tuileries, as well as of other public buildings of the French metropolis. At any rate, it was on this ground that he was condemned to death by a Council of War presided over by General the Marquis de Gallifet. Barrère, however, managed to effect his escape from prison and made his way to England, where he began to earn his livelihood in the manner above described, incidentally picking up an extensive knowledge of the mainly art of up-and-down-the-ladder Anglo-Saxon capitalism. Boxing is not an accomplishment which one ordinarily looks for in a French diplomat. But it cannot be denied that the fact that he should be acquainted with the game of "mills" should be regarded by him as a regard on the part of his English colleagues in the various capitals where he has been stationed, which they would not otherwise have accorded to a Frenchman.

It may be added that years afterward—Barrère had just been appointed to the important post of French Minister in Egypt—he happened to meet General de Gallifet in the salons of Mme. Adam. The latter, seeing that the Marquis did not recognize the young Envoy, exclaimed, "Allow me, General, to introduce to you M. Camille Barrère, whom twelve years ago you neglected to shoot." The Marquis, who was then Minister of Affairs, and had ingratiated himself with Gambetta by writing a series of remarkable articles upon foreign subjects for "La République Française," that he at length made both the one and the other acquainted with the fact that a sentence of death was still hanging over his head. It was on the eve of the amnesty. Gambetta therefore experienced but little difficulty in getting the decree quashed, and almost immediately afterward Barrère was sent off jointly by Gambetta and Waddington to assume the very difficult and delicate post of French delegate on the International Commission for the regulation of the Danube.

BARRERE'S ROMANTIC LOVE.

It may be incidentally stated that when he was at Constantinople as correspondent for "The Manchester Guardian" in 1876 he fell in love there with the daughter of an extremely wealthy Armenian banker. The financier, however, would not hear of the young journalist's suit, declaring that he would never permit his daughter to render herself guilty of such a misalliance, and turned young Barrère out of his house in the most summary fashion. Six years later Barrère renewed his offer. He had in the mean while become French Plenipotentiary in Egypt, with a princely salary and a luxurious establishment, while his official residence was the most beautiful palace in Cairo. The banker had, during that same interval, been entirely ruined, and lost every cent he possessed. It is needless to say that the offer was now accepted, and it is characteristic of the young diplomat that his lovely abode at Cairo became the home not only of his wife, but likewise of her sisters and of her aged and broken father.

Since then Barrère has represented his country in Sweden, in Bavaria and in Rumania, besides acting as the chief delegate of his Government at a number of international congresses. Indeed, at the present moment he is intrusted with the care of France's interests at the International Sanitary Congress in session at Venice. There will probably be no other member of the French Society of the Sons of the Revolution whose career has been so eventful, so full of romance and incident, as that of this young diplomat, now only in his forty-fourth year.

EX-ATTACHE.

Like the late President Carnot, his immediate successor as Chief Magistrate of the Republic, Casimir Perier, has had as grandfather a distinguished soldier and statesman of the first Republic, one of the foremost actors, indeed, in the great Revolution which led to its creation. Ex-President Perier's father was one of the leaders of the National Legislature during the second Republic, and served the third Republic as Minister of the Interior during the Presidency of M. Thiers. He died twenty years too soon to witness his own son's elevation to the Presidency. M. Casimir Perier has a boy who will before long begin his studies at the military school of Saint Cyr, and who will doubtless in time be proposed by his father for membership of the French Society of the Sons of the Revolution.

At the present moment the most capable member of the diplomatic service of France is acknowledged on all hands to be M. Camille Barrère, who, with the rank of a full-fledged Ambassador, is stationed at Bern, having been assigned to that mission not by reason of its importance, but because it leaves him comparatively free to undertake those special duties for which his shrewdness and skill are so invaluable to his Government. The post of Ambassador to the Court of St. James has recently been offered to him, and

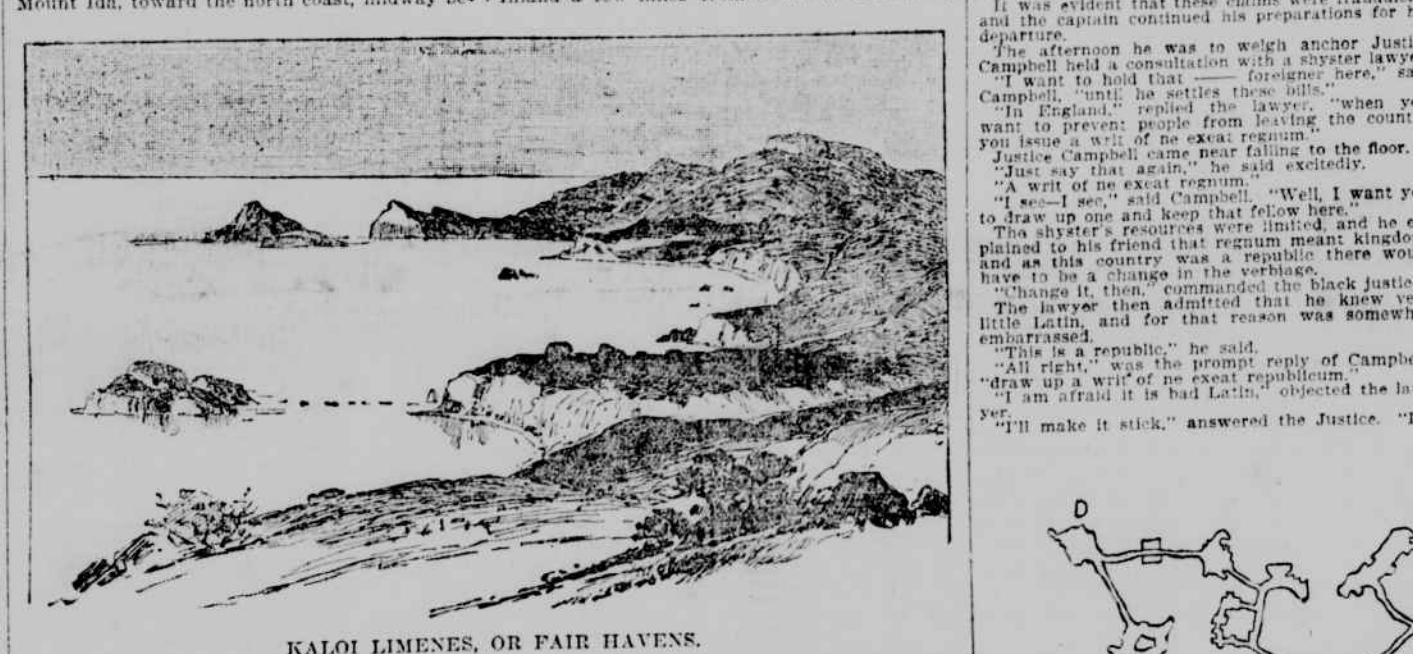


of Dictæan Jove. Here was the scene of the loves of Zeus and Europa, and the evergreen plane-tree; here Hannibal found refuge after his defeat at the hands of Scipio, and here Titus, the first Bishop of Crete, had his abode.

THE LABYRINTH.

Near Gortyna is the famous labyrinth to which reference has already been made, and which may well have been that constructed by Daedalus and occupied by the Minotaur. It is all underground, a rambling series of caverns in the mountainside. Apparently it was constructed partly as a quarry and partly, as it has often since served, as a place of refuge in time of strife and peril. It is a mile or more in extent, and of intricate design.

If now the traveller strikes across country, past Mount Ida, toward the north coast, midway be-



KALO LIMENES, OR FAIR HAVENS.

tween the mountain and the coast he finds Axo, on the site of ancient Axos, and not far away, on the Mylopotamos, the vast ruins of Eleutherna. At the latter, or, recently were, some interesting old Hellenic bridges, of which the arches were not rounded, but angular and composed of horizontal layers of stone, apparently built before the rounded arch was invented or the knowledge of it had reached Crete.

Retimo, one of the chief modern towns of Crete, stands on a bold promontory and has an interesting old Venetian fortress. In ancient times it was the port of Eleutherna and Lappa. Roundell Kastell, six miles further east, is on the site of ancient Panormus, the port of Axos. Southeast from Retimo lies Poi, or the site of Lappa, one of the chief cities at the time of the Roman conquest. Not far from it is the only lake in Crete, at the base of the Askipho Mountains. It is a mile long and very deep, occupying a crater-like depression.

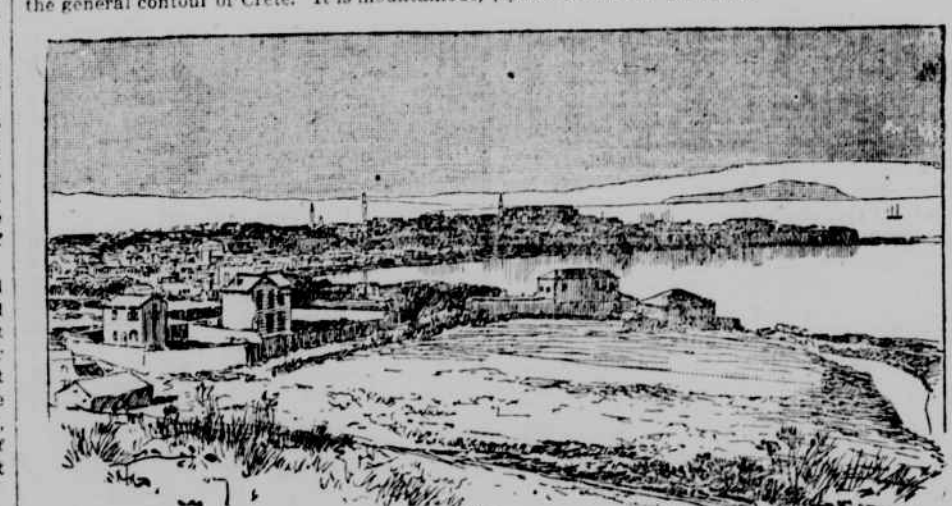
CANDIA AND ITS ENVIRONS.

The Akrotiri peninsula, anciently known as Cymon, is one of the most striking features of the general contour of Crete. It is mountainous,

recently the scene of a desperate siege of Moslems by Christian Cretans—the latter the Spartans and valiant of all the people of Crete. A few miles further east is Sula, and then begins the wildest and most picturesque stretch of the whole Cretan coast. It consists for miles of masses of mountains and crags, coming sheer down to the sea. Cape Trivadi, or Triptiti, is one of the most striking of its headlands. Next comes Lutro, or Lutrak, the ancient Phoenix, to which St. Paul's captain sought to make his way, there to spend the winter. Spakhia, from which the Spakhians take, or to which they give, their name, is a small and not important town. And this brings the voyager to Messara Bay again, and completes the circuit of the island.

SCHOOLS IN LOG HUTS.

From The St. Louis Republic.
Colorado enjoys the proud distinction of having enrolled in her schools 94,886 pupils; at least, those are the figures given in the biennial report issued by Mrs. A. J. Peavey, the Superintendent of Public Instruction of that Commonwealth. Thirty odd thousand of these pupils do not regularly attend school, and there may possibly be a reason for that, inasmuch as in the same report Mrs. Peavey presents some excellent pictures of most of the public schools of the State.



A VIEW OF CANDIA.

with wild and forbidding shores. But the south shore of Suda Bay, which divides the promontory from the mainland on the east, is fertile and beautiful. It was on this shore of Suda Bay that the Muses and song, and the Sirens, defeated, lost their wings and flung themselves into the sea. Here was built, on the site of this contest, the town of Aptera, "The Wingless." Mino, mentioned by Strabo and Pliny, stood opposite Aptera, on the shore of the famous Pact of Halepa takes its name, and which is the residence of the foreign consuls at Candia, stands on the isthmus connecting Akrotiri with the mainland.

Candia, or Kania, the present capital of the island, stands on a double bay which forms an almost perfect harbor. It occupies the site of an ancient city, the Samian, not the Homeric, which latter was inland. South of Candia rises the splendid Aspra Yuna, the ancient White Mountains, whose inhabitants are the bravest

in Colorado probably as much as in any of the Western States it is not always handy for young people to go a great distance to attend to their intellectual training, and, owing to certain financial considerations, the schools cannot be maintained where there are only a few taxpayers scattered over a considerable area. It must not be understood that Colorado children have to secure their learning in the open air and under the blue skies of heaven, for in every county of the State there is at least one public schoolhouse, and there may possibly be a laxity of discipline, but the fact is that in a few years all this will have been changed, and that the secular districts and stockade buildings will have been superseded by school buildings with every modern convenience.

A few years ago, with the exception of the large cities or towns, where people were more heavily taxed, the school buildings consisted mostly of either dugouts or log huts. Many of the log houses are still scattered over the State, and there is still standing the first one erected within the boundaries of what is now the State. This one is in Montezuma County, and in the light of modern arrangements is a log house with four windows and

sign the paper and swear in six special constables to enforce it."

This was enough, and the lawyer proceeded to draw the most remarkable document ever seen in America.

The writ covered twenty pages of foolscap and ordered the English vessel to remain with its ship at Darien until he settled all claims against his crew.

It was a sunny August afternoon, and the vessel was about ready to depart, when it was boarded by Justice Campbell and six negro constables, armed with guns.

The Justice read the writ to the captain, and after informing him that the constables would remain on board until the matter was adjusted, he judicially tyrant went ashore again.

The Britisher fumed, fretted and swore, but the six negro guards made themselves at home, and kept their guns within reach.

The captain retired to the cabin with the mate and talked it over.

Finally, a plan of action was agreed upon, and when the ship's officers reappeared they were apparently in a good humor. They told the constables that they were welcome as the representatives of the law, and requested them to enjoy the freedom of the vessel.

Then the captain and his crew displayed still more hospitality, and the bottle was freely passed around.

At midnight six negro constables were in a drunken slumber, the effect of their drugged liquor and the captain and his men were wide awake and perfectly sober.

The blacks were carefully deposited in a boat and quietly weighed anchor and left the port at an hour when Justice Campbell was dreaming of his new and wonderful writ of ne exeat reipublicum.

The constables were picked up next day and sent to jail for neglect of duty, but the vessel was not beyond reach.

The British captain went straight to Savannah, where he laid before his consul, and demanded an apology and an indemnity from the United States Government.

The consul said he would keep his face straight when he heard the story.

"It is an outrage," he said to the captain, "but it is a peculiar kind of a ludicrous nature. If I were a peacock I would not hold a friendly Government responsible for the conduct of a few ignorant negroes who have been long enough to know their own rights and respect the rights of others."

1870, and died as its Chief Magistrate at the hand of an Italian assassin. He is mourned by three sons, the one an officer in the army, the second an engineer, while the third, Francis, who is about to marry the wealthy Miss Chris, occupies a seat in the Chamber of Deputies.

They are young men who bear themselves with dignity and enjoy the respect of all who know them; the honored name of their father, grandfather and great-grandfather may therefore be regarded as safe from disgrace while in their possession.

Like the late President Carnot, his immediate successor as Chief Magistrate of the Republic, Casimir Perier, has had as grandfather a distinguished soldier and statesman of the first Republic, one of the foremost actors, indeed, in the great Revolution which led to its creation. Ex-President Perier's father was one of the leaders of the National Legislature during the second Republic, and served the third Republic as Minister of the Interior during the Presidency of M. Thiers. He died twenty years too soon to witness his own son's elevation to the Presidency. M. Casimir Perier has a boy who will before long begin his studies at the military school of Saint Cyr, and who will doubtless in time be proposed by his father for membership of the French Society of the Sons of the Revolution.

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SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS.

—Punch.